

Contributions.

THOUGHTS.

MARY E. FOWLER.

While visiting in the home of a friend a short time ago, my eye chanced to fall on what I at first supposed to be a bunch of dry, dead roots, and upon interrogating my friend as to the medicinal properties of the supposed roots, she said, "Do you mean to insult the household pet among my plants by designating it as roots? Have you never seen a resurrection plant? When placed in water it at once unfolds its leaves, (which in its dry state resemble sticks) and in a few days becomes a thing of beauty. Just let me show you." So saying she placed the brown ball into a dish containing water, and almost in the twinkling of an eye, the roots began to unfold, and in less than an hour the dish was covered with fern-like fronds of the plant. "Now," said my friend, "by morning the fronds will have extended clear over the sides of the dish, and by keeping plenty of water on the plant, (for it absorbs water at an enormous rate) and setting it in the sunlight a few days, it will be a mass of living green." "But," continued my friend, "the real beauty of it is, when I find the plant to be an inconvenience, all I have to do is simply take it out of water, allow it to become thoroughly dry, then lay it aside until I want it again, and should that be five years hence, it would then unfold when placed in water just as readily, and quickly as you have seen it do to-day. Water and sunlight are its life, without which it is apparently dead." "What do you think of my dry, dead roots by this time?" laughingly asked my friend as she saw how deeply absorbed I was in the study of the wonderful plant.

"The plant in itself is quite an interesting study," I said, and asked how long it had been out of water? "Six months or longer," replied my friend. "Well, it is really mystical how the germ of life can remain in a plant uncared for, for such a length of time, and immediately at the touch of water spring into life as if by magic." "At any rate the plant has served as an object lesson for me, and has set me to thinking. The current of my thoughts have been turned into an altogether different channel from what they were an hour ago, and all caused by a plant." But has not God said, "He has made the weak things of the

world to confound those that are mighty."

A few hours later I retired to my room for the night, but slumber seemed to evade its portal, and it was some time ere morpheus sought to enfold me in his restful embrace; yet I did not care, for I was thinking; yes that resurrection plant lay at the foundation of my thoughts. I thought of him who has said, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me tho he were dead yet shall he live." I also thought how instantly the sinner was quickened into a newness of life at the Master's touch. How he who was dead in trespasses and sin as he drinks from the life-giving stream, and receives his light from the Sun of Righteousness; becomes a living, active being ready now to serve in any way his gracious Benefactor; and as water and the natural sunlight are the life of the resurrection plant, so he who would give the new life in Christ Jesus, must drink from the well of salvation, and have his life permeated with the light that radiates the throne of God.

I thought, too, how apparently dead the professed Christian often seems. How, during some great spiritual revival he grew enthusiastic, and as the resurrection plant unfolds, and expands at the touch of water, so the Christian as he drinks copious draughts from the divine fountain, unfolds into new beauty of life and character, and thus extends such a soul-uplifting influence, until those with whom he comes in contact catches the same inspiration, and the Hallelujah chorus swells until the angels take up the symphony, attune it to heaven's melody and bear it on throughout eternal ages. Just so long as he drinks from the divine fountain will the Christian as the Psalmist David beautifully expresses it, "be like the palm tree flourishing," and again, "he shall like to the cedar be, that grows on Lebanon."

Ere long the revival season comes to a close, and the Christian thinking only of his high spiritual elevation, and that he has accumulated sufficient heavenly manna on which to feast his soul until another season comes round, ceases to daily renew his supply. Before long his enthusiasm begins to wane, and gradually he again relapses into that indifferent and careless state which indicates spiritual death and soon instead of the active, glowing, transfigured Christians, we

find the dormant indifferent one, with seemingly not any more life than the resurrection plant appeared to have when it resembled a bunch of dry, dead roots. Such Christians are like fagots, ready to burn with all the crackle and glow of a bonfire, if only some other Christian who is continually ablaze with spiritual fire will provide the torch. The germ of spiritual life remains within him, yet in his apathy he fails to place himself under prescribed conditions under which he might reflect the soft delicate shading of a summer evening's sunset as the sun sinks beneath the horizon and is hidden for a brief space from our view, only to shine with equal splendor on another portion of his realm, and return to us in the morning in dazzling glory.

Oh, Christian, this ought not to be. The divine fountain is always open, and every day should you drink of its life giving water. Every day should be a revival to your soul. Every day ought you to tune your ear to catch the voice of the Master who has said, "If any man drink of the water which I shall give him he shall never thirst." Then do not wait dear Christian for the annual revival season, but each day as new blessings come to you, seek to reflect his glory in whose image you were created, and thus become a bright and shining light, penetrating and illuminating the darkened lives of your fellow creatures with a radiance that shall grow brighter and brighter until the perfect day.

THE PREACHER'S SECRET OF POWER.

J. G. WINEY.

The minister must be a thoroughly converted, consecrated, whole souled, humble, benevolent and charitable person not in appearance only but in reality and in truth. Sometimes an individual may be an apparent power because of his education, and in the fluency of his speech and other signs of his smartness, or educational developments. But all these characteristics will avail but little unless there is permanency and stability, love for the cause of christianity as well as humanity. The real secret of his power is in his philanthropy, love to God and love to man. Without these characteristics, his power is but momentary.

Rev. D. L. Moody the great Chicago revivalist though eloquent in his way of delivering his messages to the people, yet his strength and the secret of his power is not in eloquence